

GOLD  
KEY

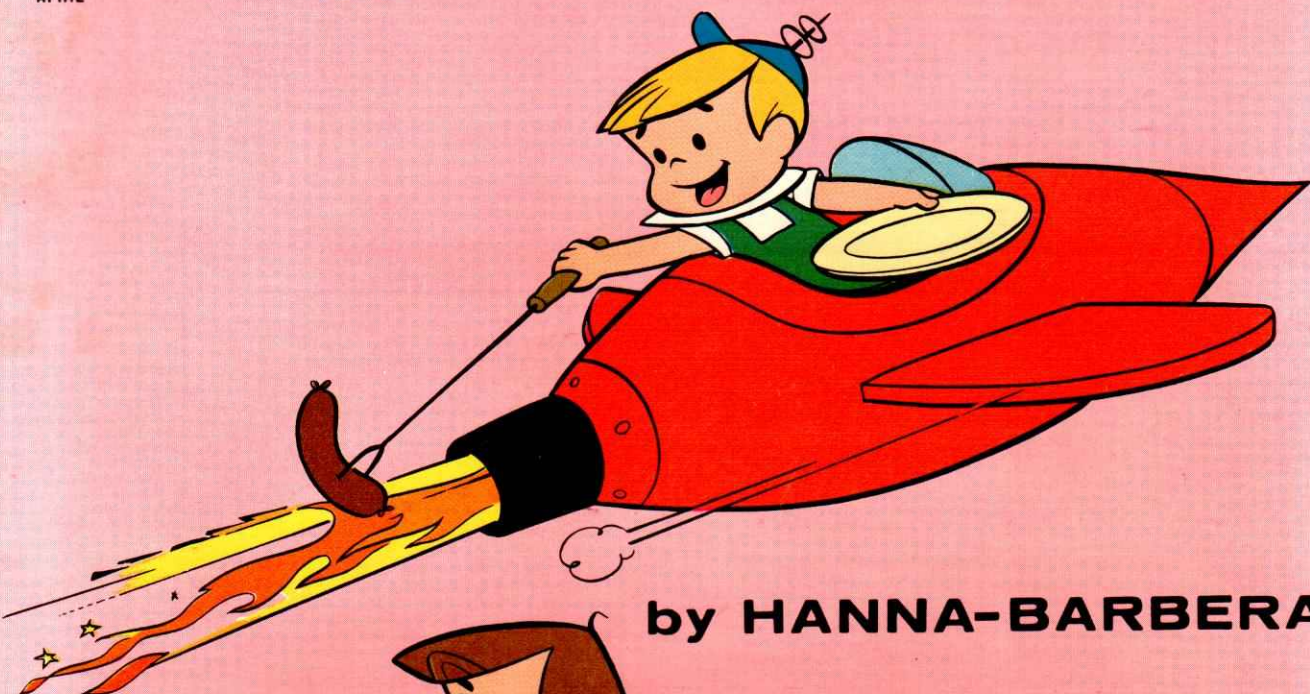
THE JETSONS

NOW ONLY 12c

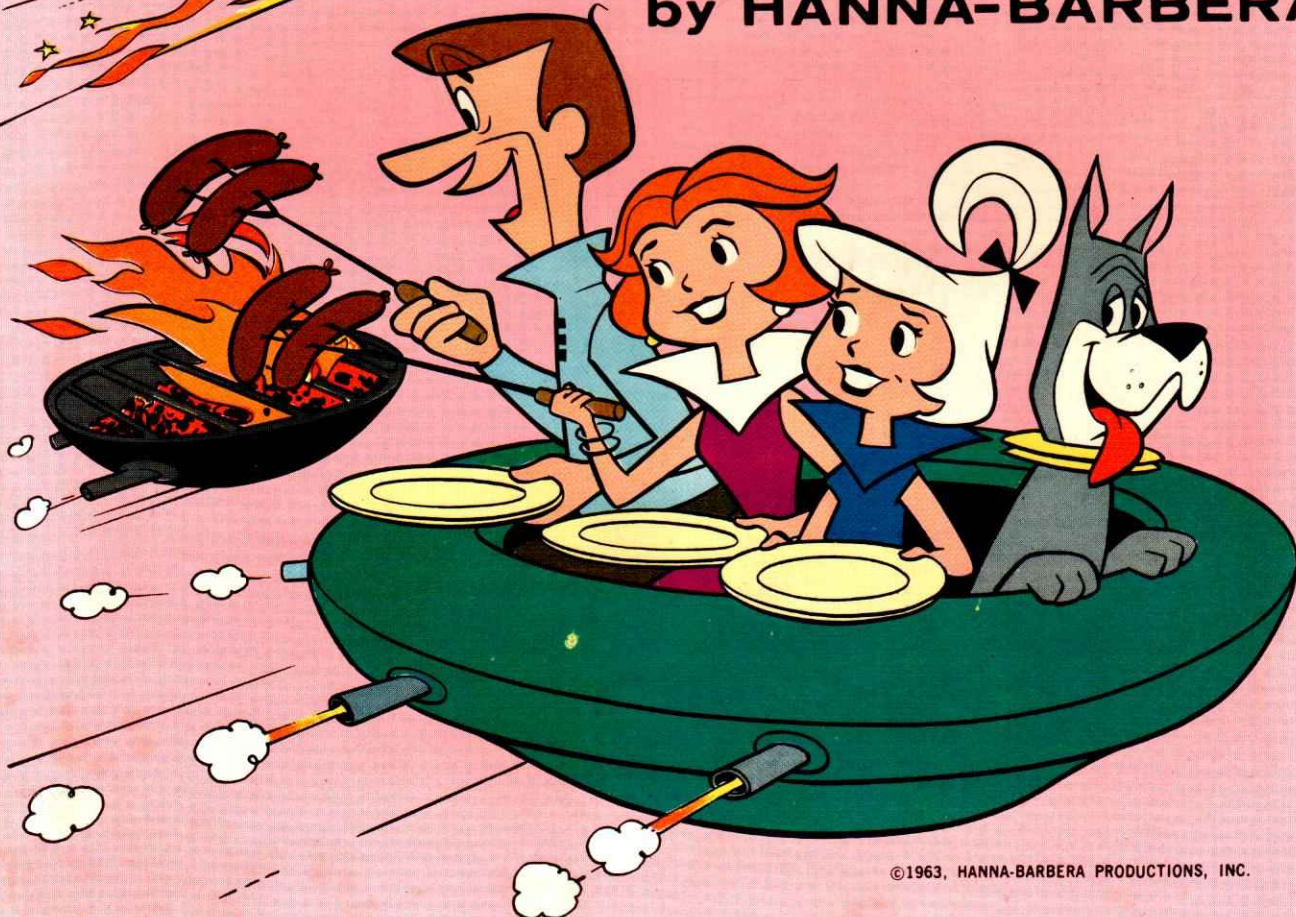
# The JETSONS

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APRIL



by HANNA-BARBERA

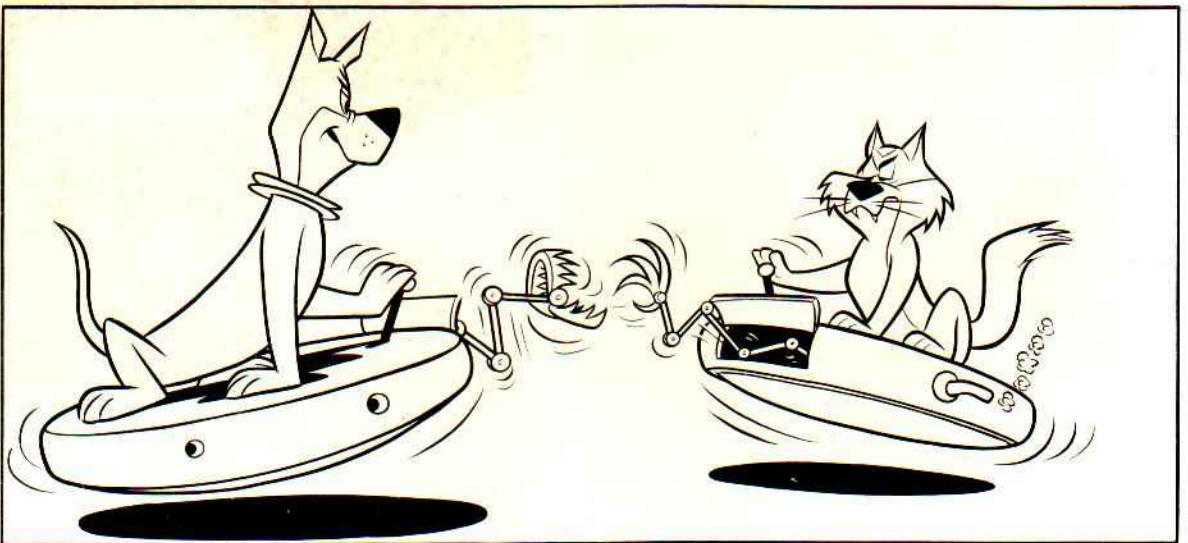
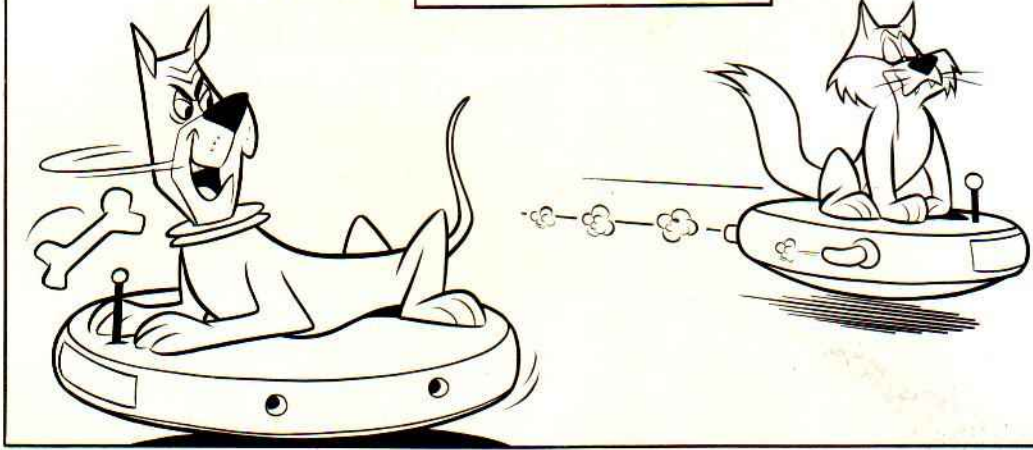


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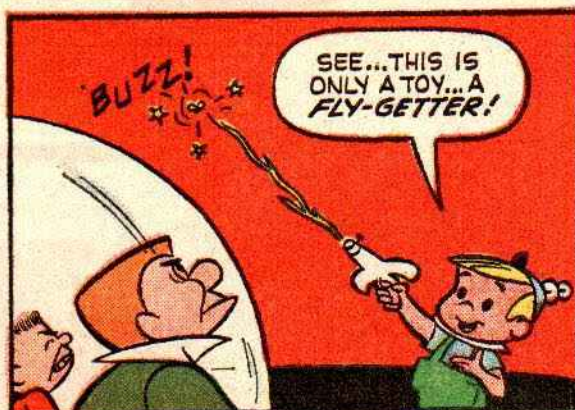
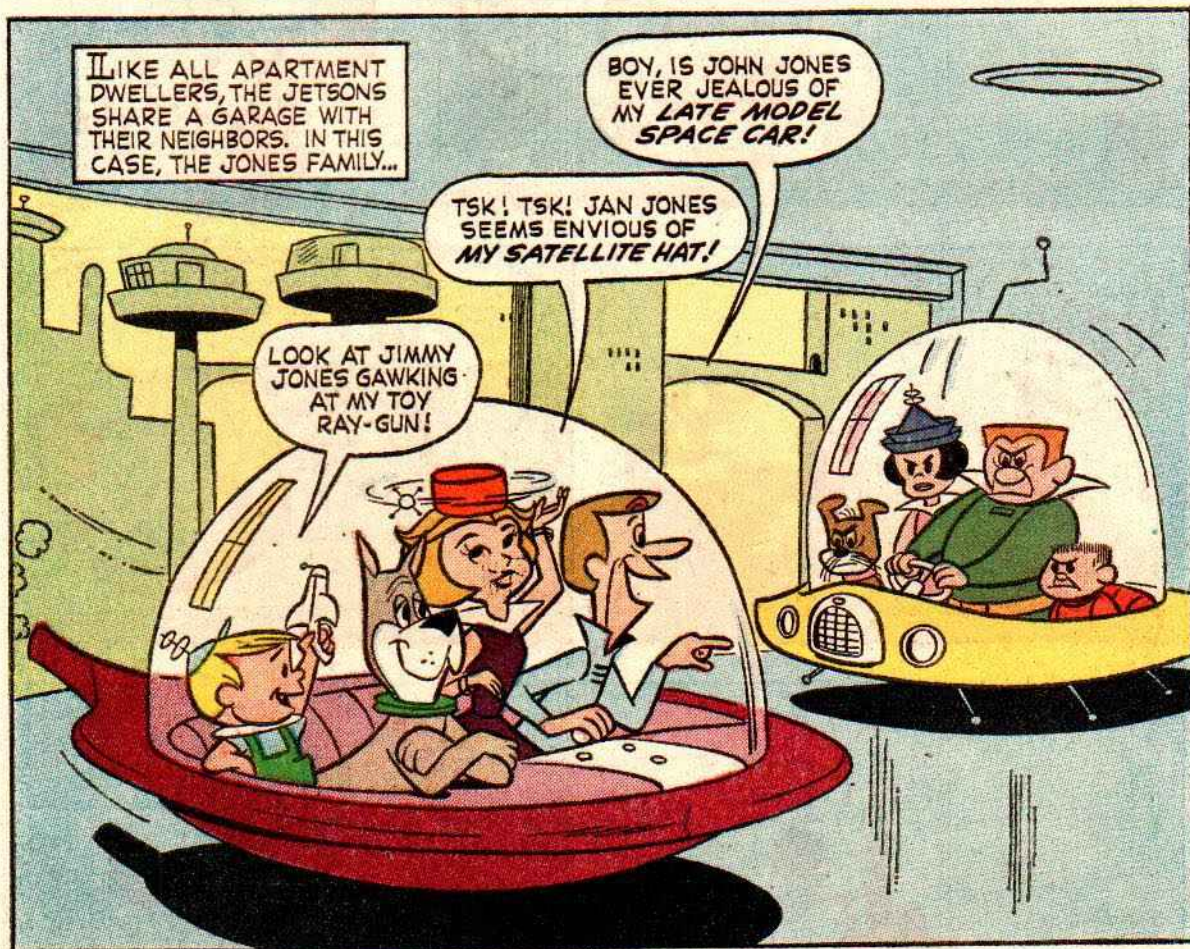
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# ASTRO





# Hanna-Barbera *The JETSONS*



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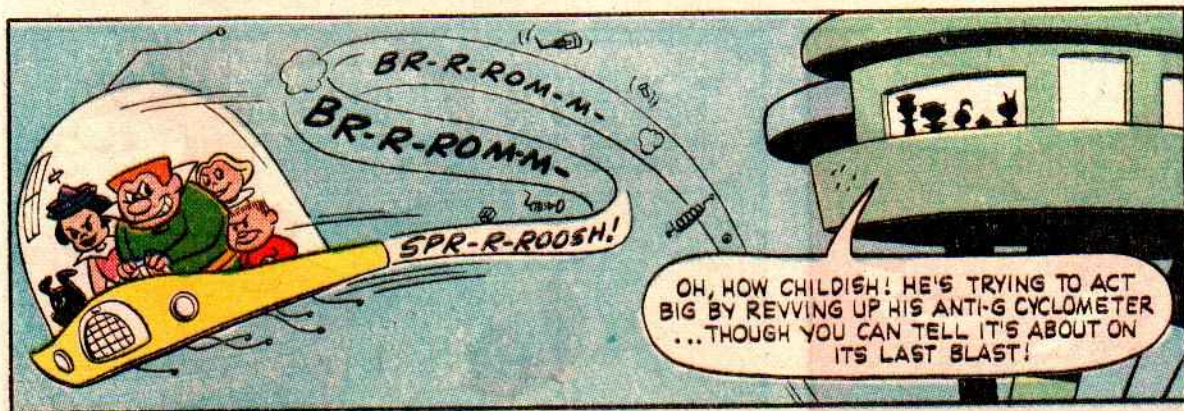
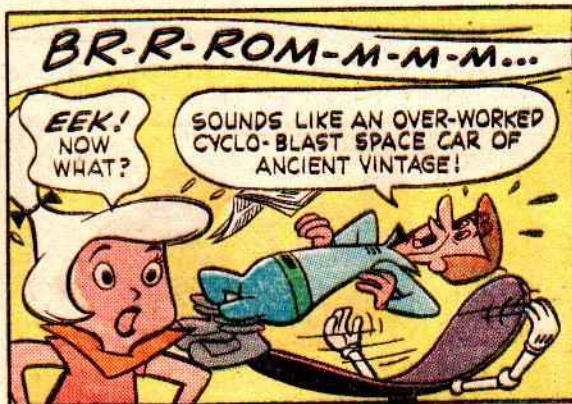
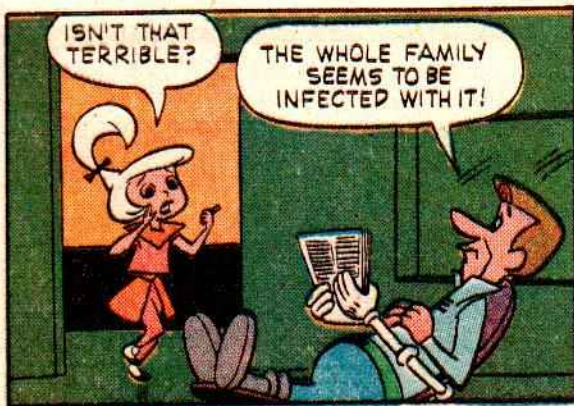
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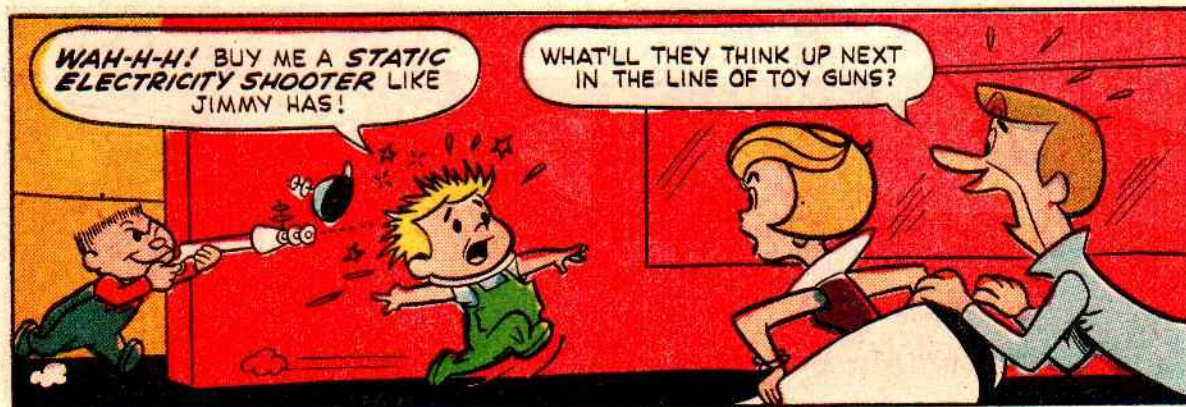
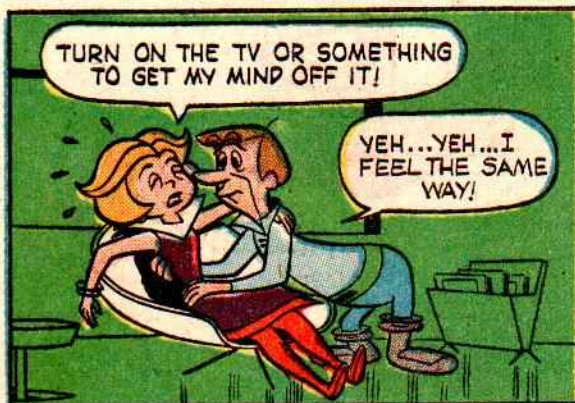
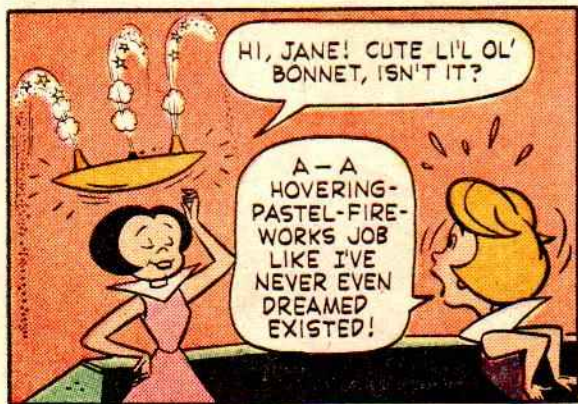




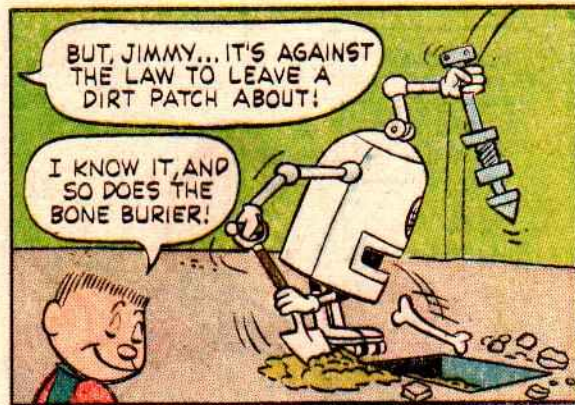
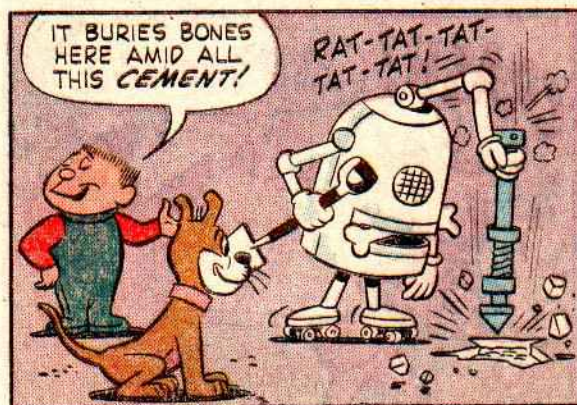
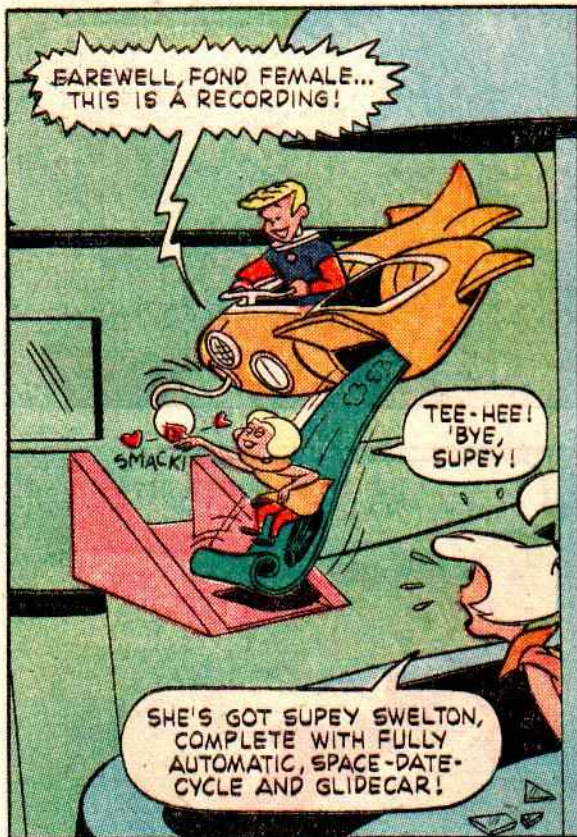




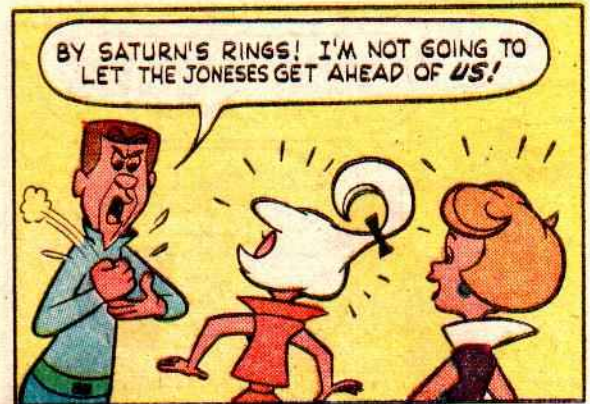
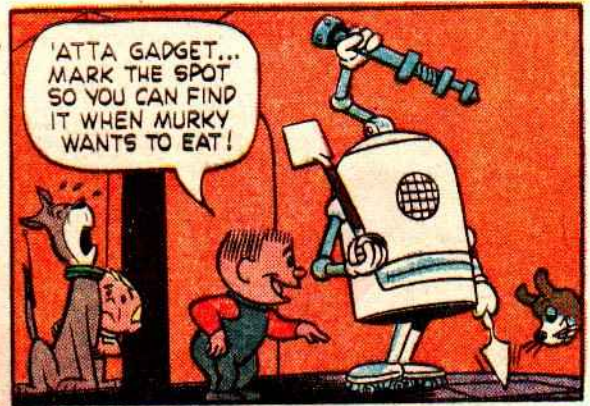
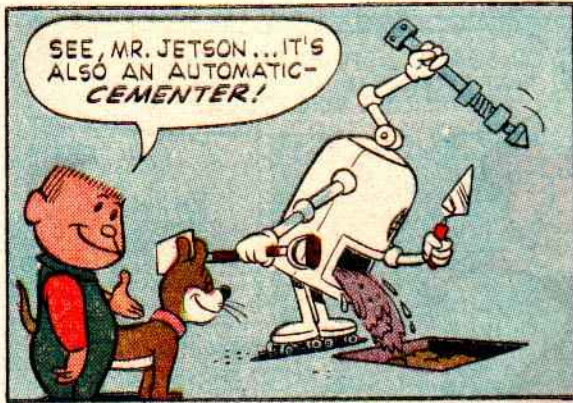














BUT  
JANE  
HAS  
ALSO  
HIT A  
SNAG...

PLEASE, MA'AM...YOU CAN'T WEAR  
THE DRAWINGS OF HATS I HAVEN'T  
MADE YET!

OH, GEORGE...JAN JONES IS **TESTING**  
THAT FIREWORKS HAT, AND I CAN'T GET  
ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT OR BETTER!

PIERRE  
McGEE  
UNIVERSALLY-  
FAMED HAT  
DESIGNER

LET'S GO FIND  
ELROY AND ASTRO!

AND  
AGAIN...

**BAW-W-W!** JIMMY'S STATIC  
ELECTRICITY GUN IS AN **ONLY**  
**TEST MODEL!**

WE'RE ALL IN THE  
SAME BOAT, SON!

OH, MY...DON'T  
TELL ME...

(SNIFFLE!)  
YEAH, MOM...  
NO AUTOMATIC-  
BONE BURIER  
FOR ASTRO!

THE ONE  
JIMMY'S DOG  
HAS IS AN  
EXPERIMENTAL  
MODEL!

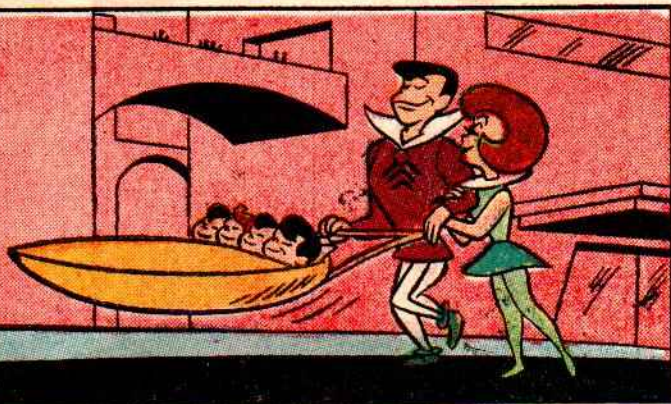
THE WHOLE JONES  
FAMILY HAS GOTTEN  
AHEAD OF US VIA  
TEST MODELS!

ER...MAYBE  
JUDY FOUND  
THAT SUPER  
OLDER  
BROTHER OF  
SUPEY  
SWELTON!

(BOO HOO!) I FOUND  
SNAZZERT SWELTON,  
ALL RIGHT... AND HE  
**IS** SUPER!

BUT HE ALREADY HAS A SUPER  
SWEET WIFE AND A SUPER-SIZED  
FAMILY!

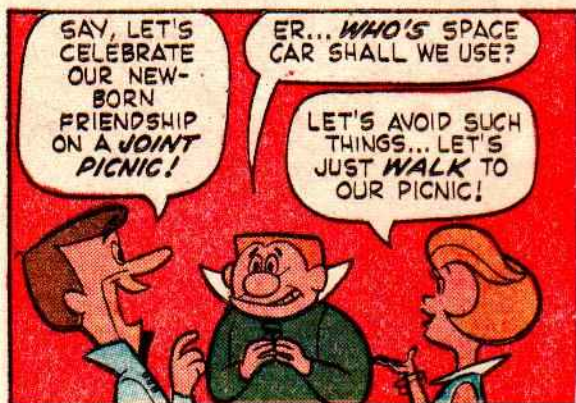
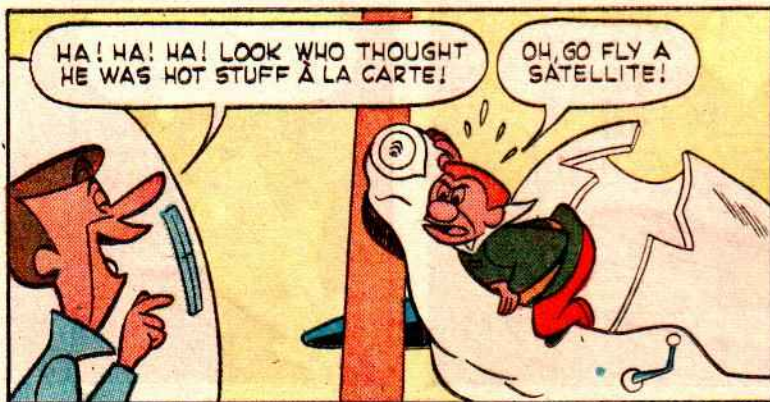
FUTURA  
TOYMAKERS





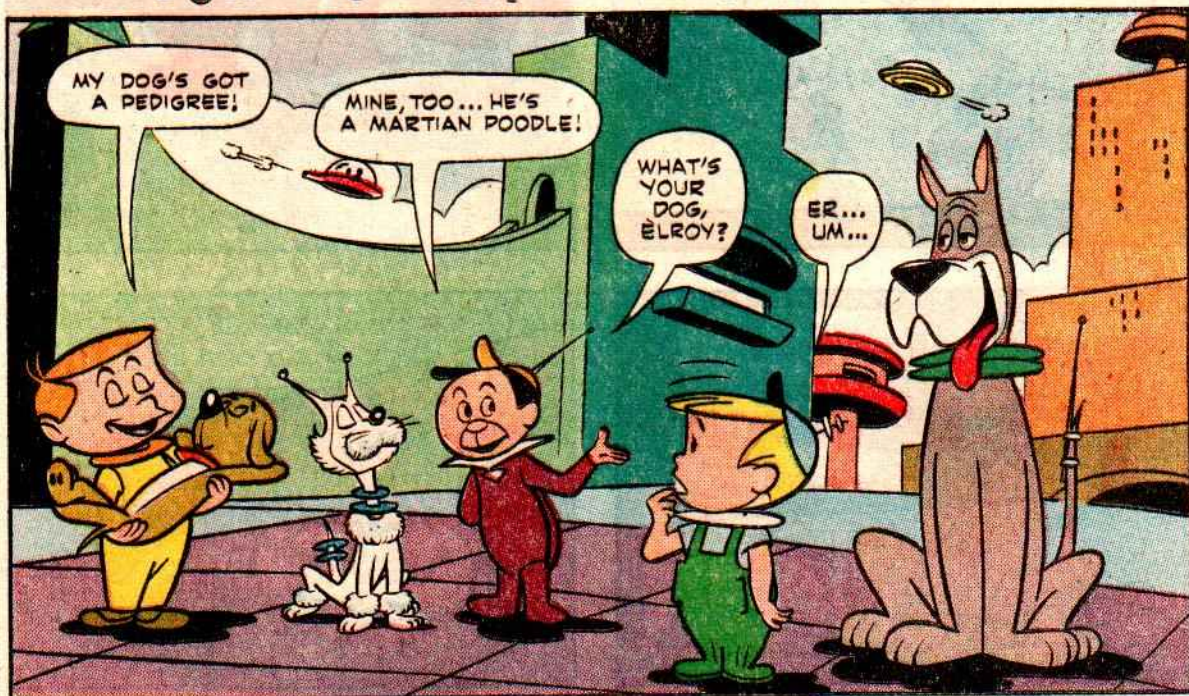




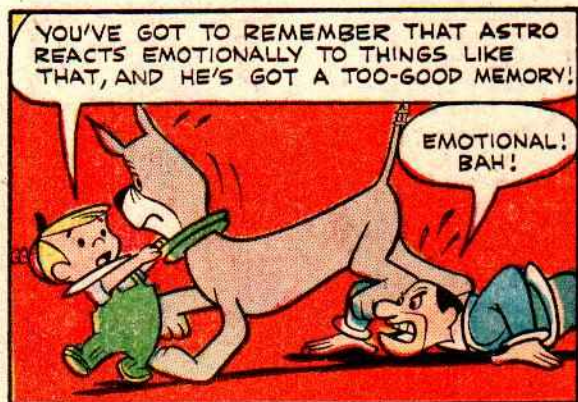
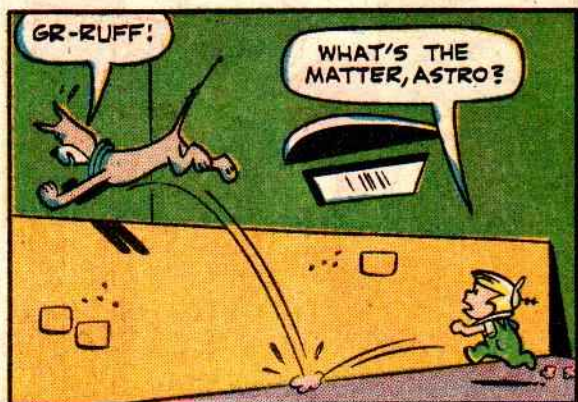




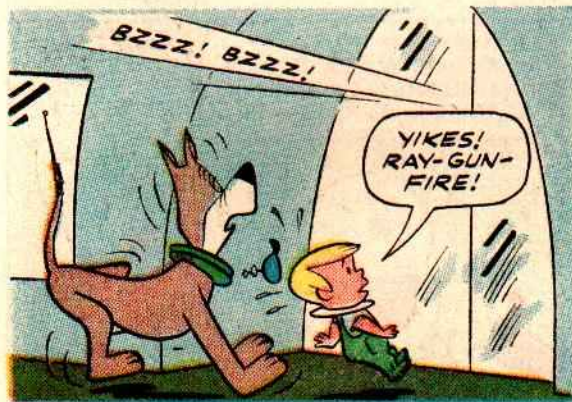
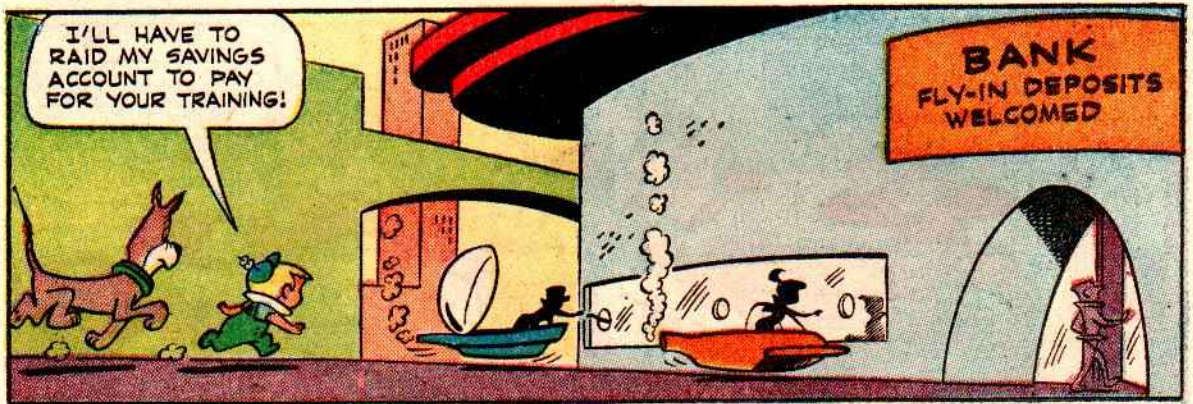
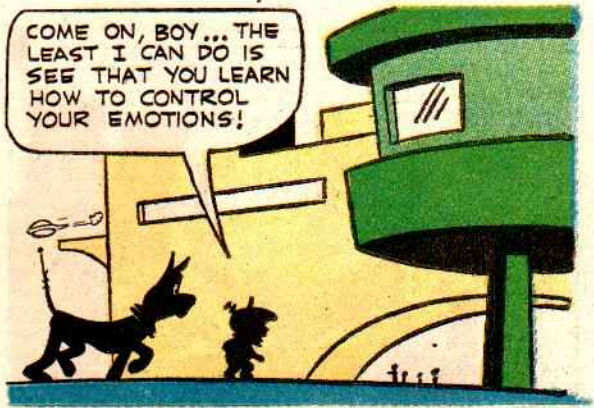
Hanna-Barbera ELROY and ASTRO  
**BOW-WOW WITH A BONE TO PICK**



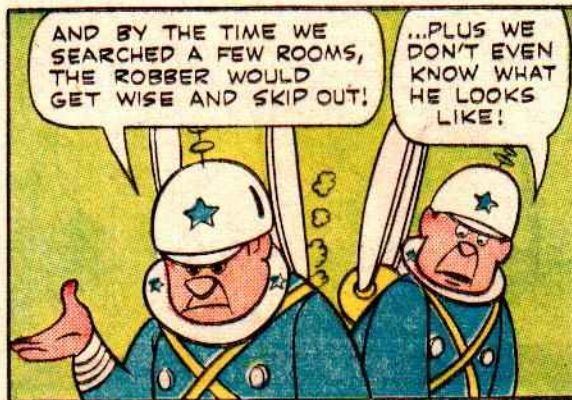
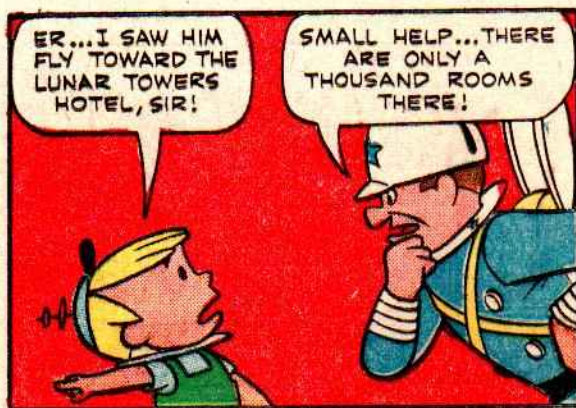




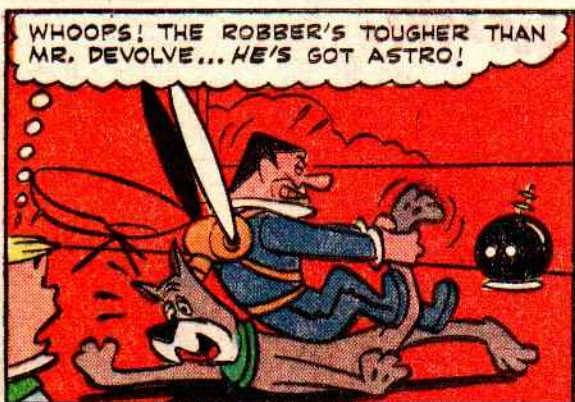
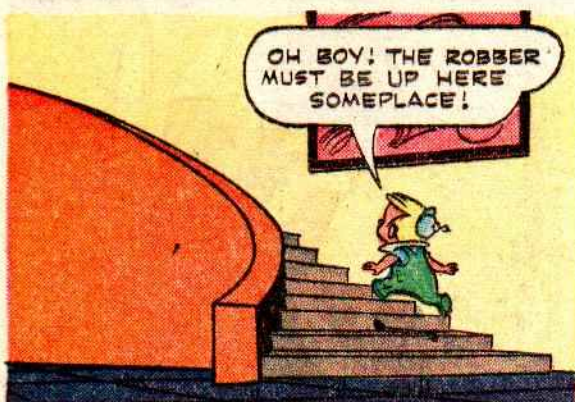
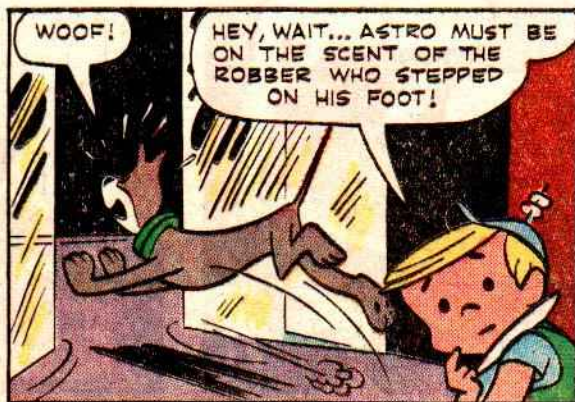
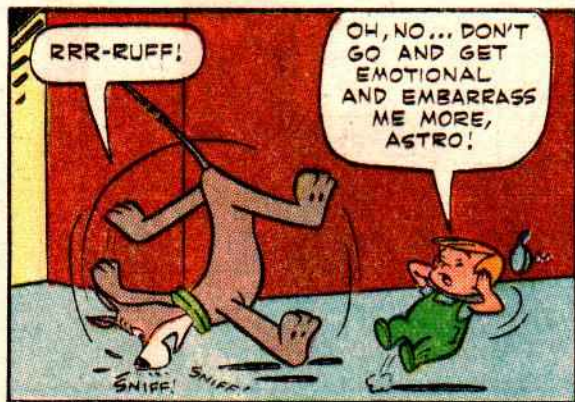








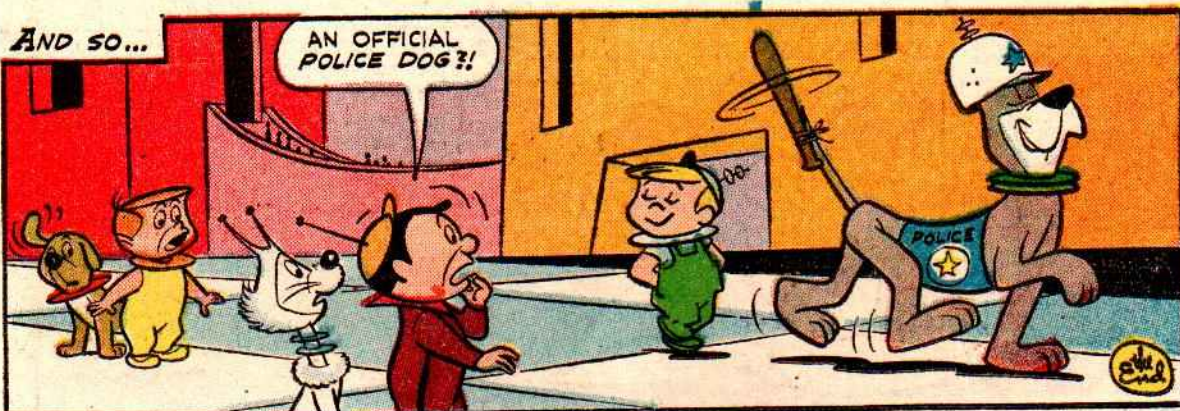








TRACKED HIM? WHY, THE ART OF BLOOD-HOUNDING WENT OUT OF STYLE MANY, MANY YEARS AGO!





# POSTPONED PICNIC



J. Evil Scientist and his lovely (ugh) wife Goonda and their monstrous little son, Junior, were loading up the family hearse, all set to go on a midnight picnic.

"It is such a lovely night for a picnic," chortled J. Evil. "There is no moon; it is raining; it is cold; and the paper said we might even have an earthquake. What luck!"

"I made all of your favorite things, Deah. Southern-fried bat, Transylvanian ghoulish, frog fritters, hung upside-down cake, and a thermos full of slimeade," answered Goonda.

"Where are we gonna have the picnic, Daddy?" asked Junior, biting his father on the leg affectionately. "I wanna go to Sluga-bed Swamp. I love playing in the quicksand."

"Quiet, Junior, or I'll put your muzzle on. Your mother and I have everything planned. We know the duckiest place for a picnic . . . a quaint spot all covered with ivy, poison ivy, of course!"

And so this typical little family loaded up their typical little casket . . . er, basket of goodies into their typical little hearse and were ready to have a typical little midnight picnic. Suddenly, a dark figure came rushing out of the sky . . . faster and fatter than a speeding bull . . . larger than a locomotive! Was it a bird? Was it a plane? NO! It was Blubberinda, Goonda's aunt . . . the world's fattest witch . . . the only witch in the world who needed two brooms to get her off the ground. Even her double

chins had double chins. Her figure measured 42-42-42, and that was just her ankle.

"Yipe!" shouted J. Evil. "If that ball of blubber sees our picnic basket we're done for. She'll eat everything. She might even eat the basket. Quick, Junior, hide this some place! Hurry! . . . before she sees it."

Junior grabbed the basket from his father and went back to the house to hide it.

"I resent you calling my aunt a ball of blubber," said Goonda.

"Do you deny it?" J. Evil asked.

"No. I just resent it," she replied.

Their conversation came to an end as Blubberinda made a three point landing next to them . . . the two brooms and her head. The earth shook under her weight.

"Hmmm, maybe that's the earthquake we're supposed to have," mused J. Evil Scientist.

"Very funny, pipsqueak," Blubberinda remarked, picking herself up from the ground. "You're just jealous of my size. You're so short you can touch your toes without bending over. I never could understand what my sweet niece sees in you. She has to get on her knees to look in your eyes."

J. Evil was red with rage. "Well, you're so fat the last time you went swimming they threw a harpoon at you."

Goonda stepped between them to put an end to the argument. She put her arms around her aunt, and although they were long arms, they only reached about one third of the way.

"Now, Auntie, don't you and J. fight. I'm glad to see you," she said sweetly.

"What's to eat?" asked Blubberinda.

"Auntie, it's not very nice to drop in on a person and just ask what's to eat. You're supposed to have polite conversation first."

"Okay, okay! How have you been? Nice cold weather we're having. What's to eat?"

Just then Junior came back with a big grin, and not seeing his great-aunt in sight . . . (she was behind a boulder, a big boulder) he said, "I hid the basket under the porch where Aunt Blubberinda will never find it!"

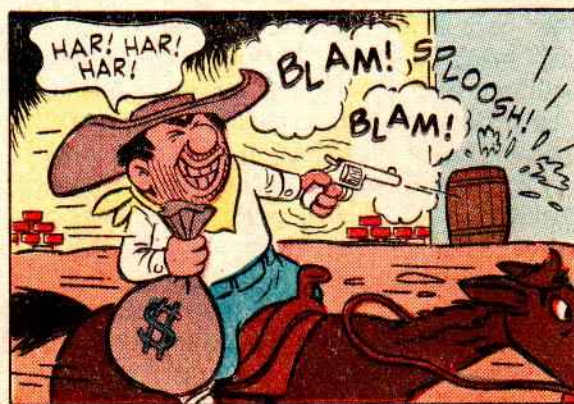
As J. Evil held his head in his hands, the witch made a dash for the house and she performed a witch trick known as "making the food disappear" and thus put an end to the picnic of the J. Evil Scientist family.

**Words to remember:** Aunts always ruin picnics.

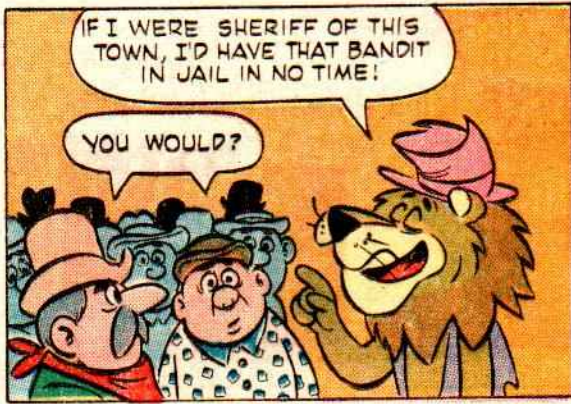


Hanna-Barbera Lippy Lion and Hardy Har Har

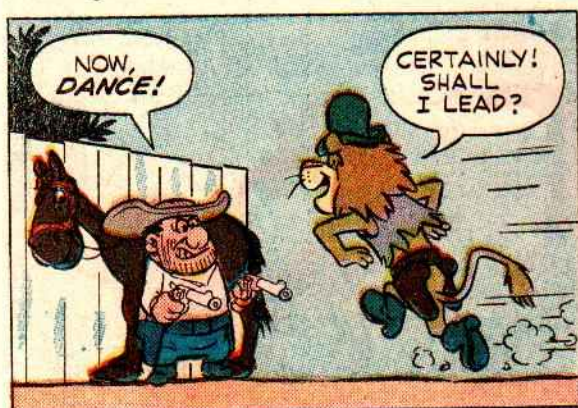
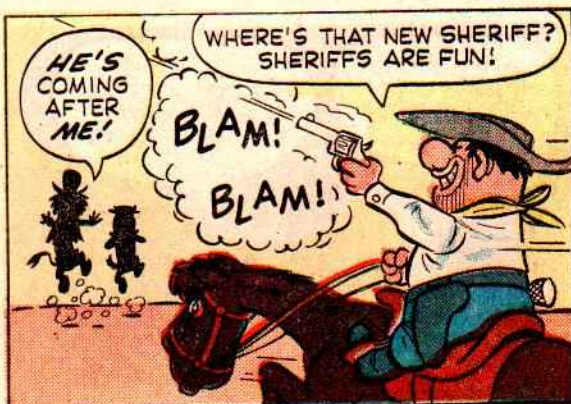
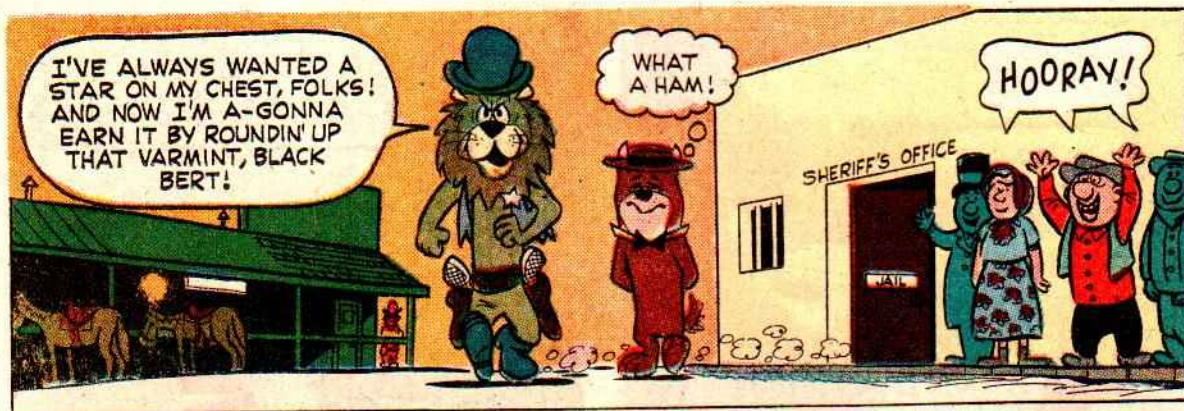
# TEST IN THE WEST



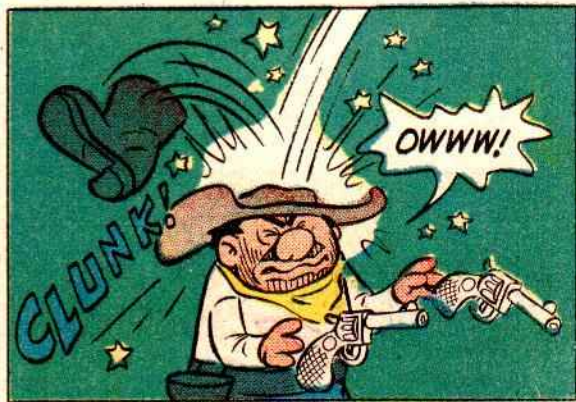






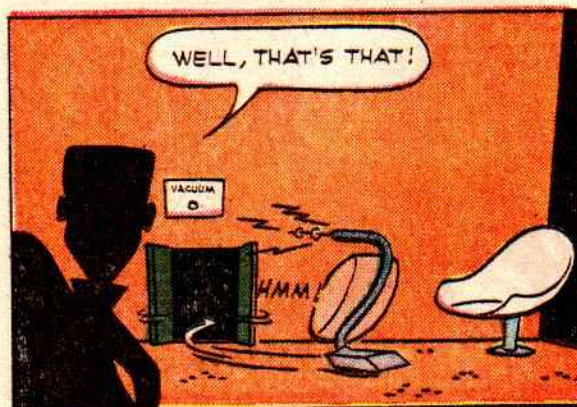
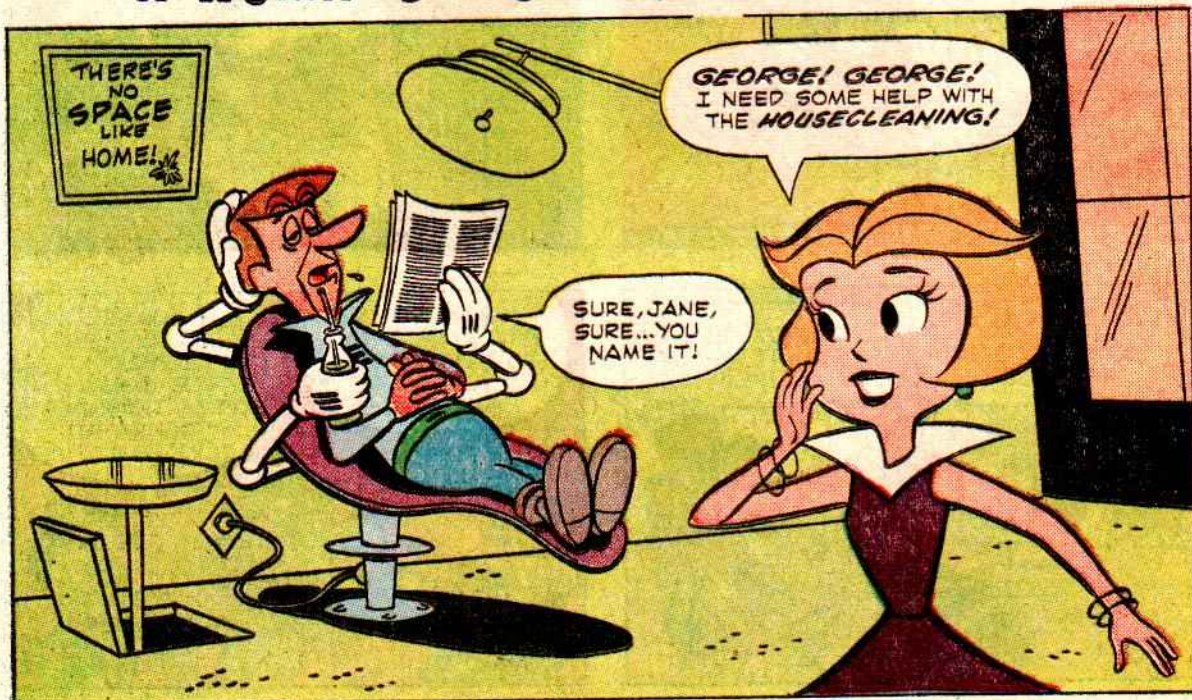




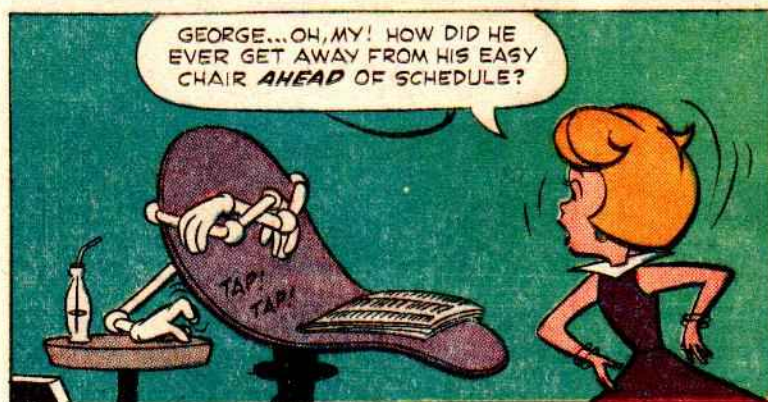
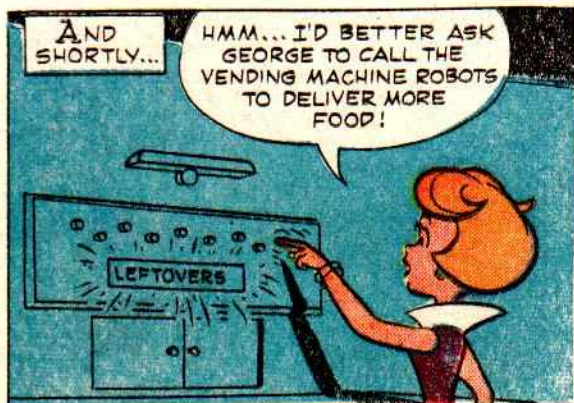




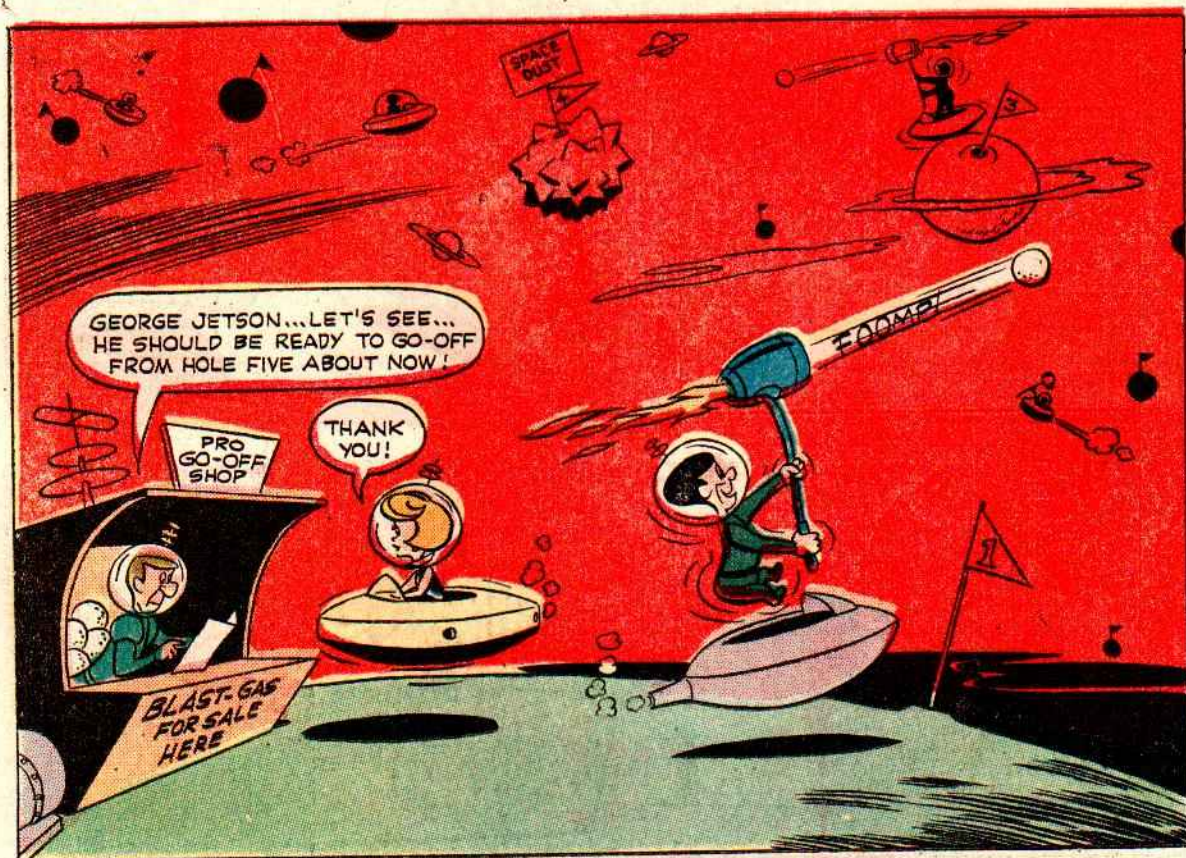
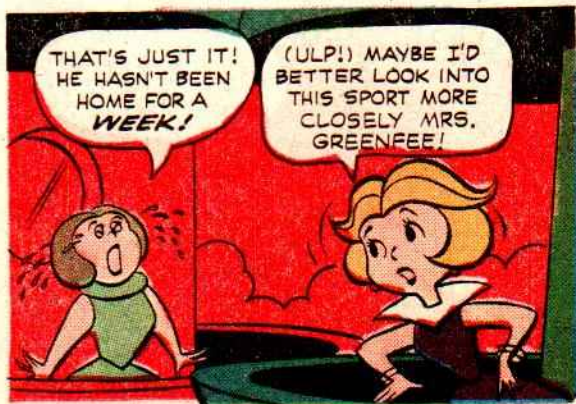
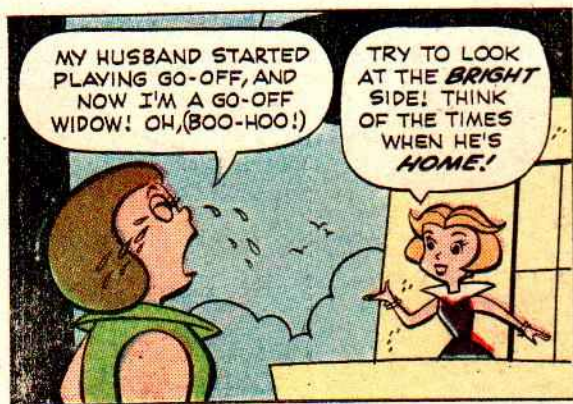
Hanna-Barbera the JETSONS  
**A WOMAN'S WORK IS CLEVER DONE**



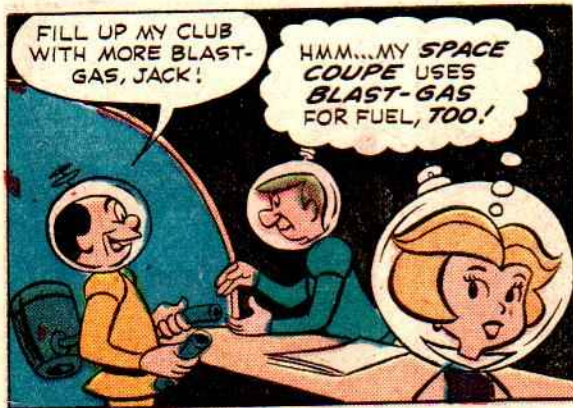




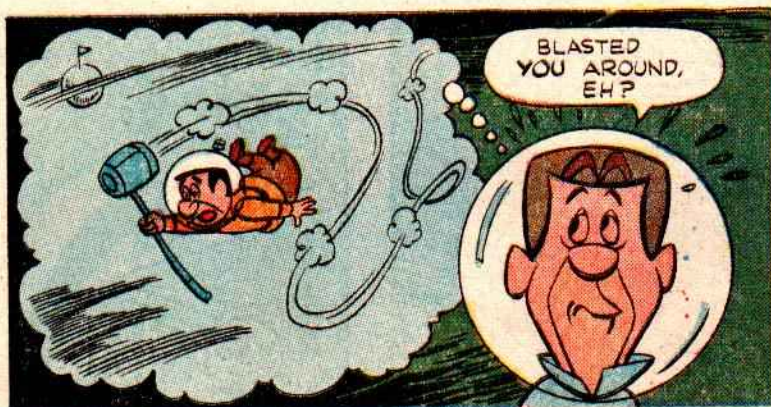




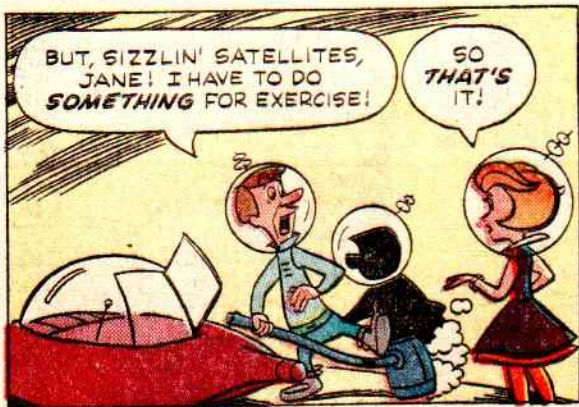








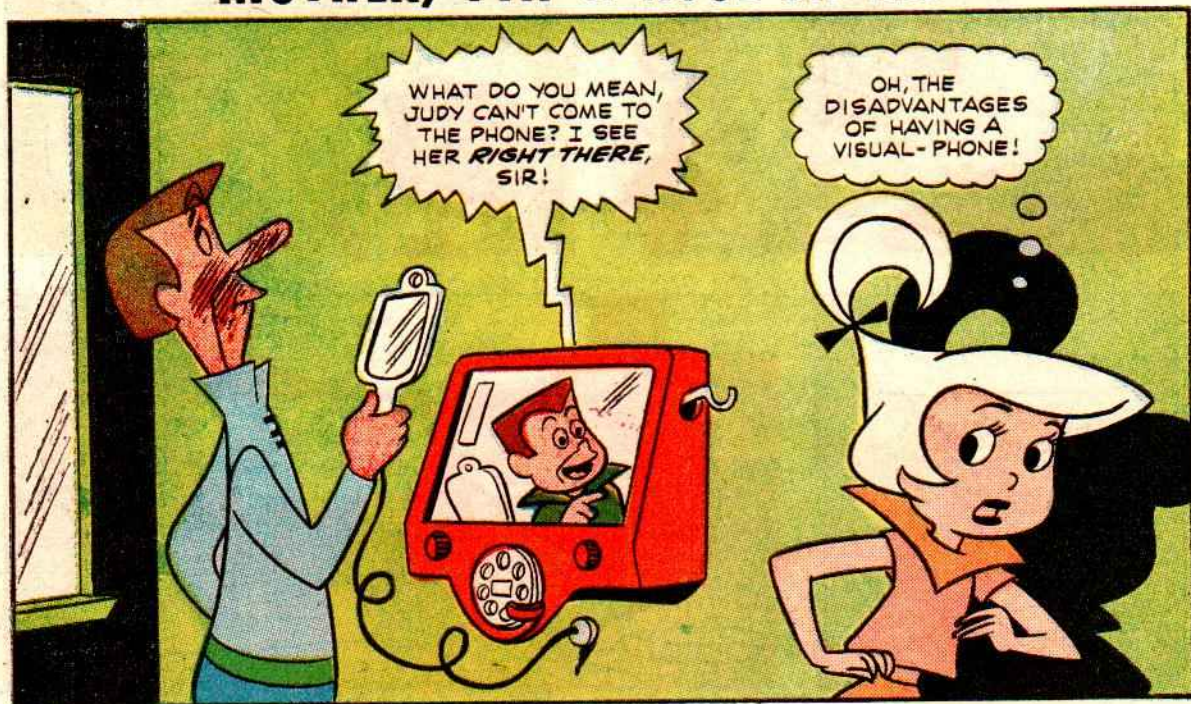




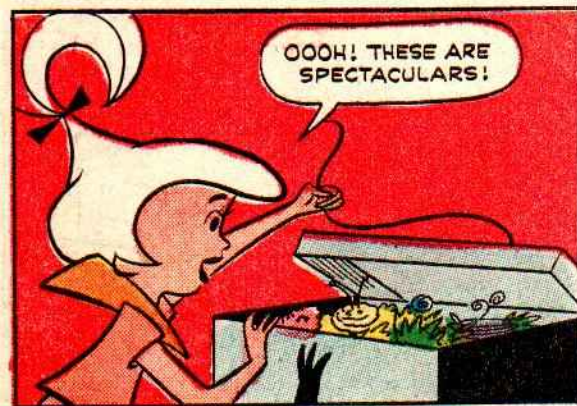
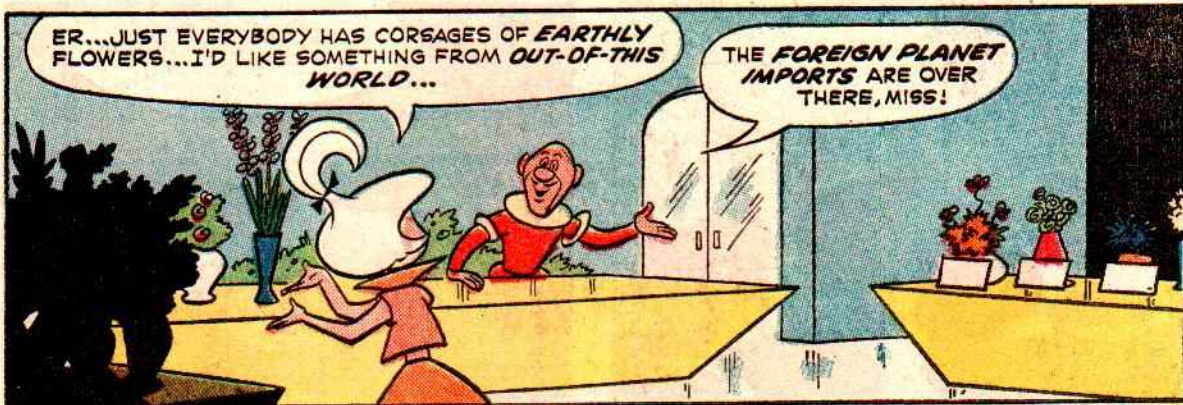


Hanna-Barbera JUDY JETSON

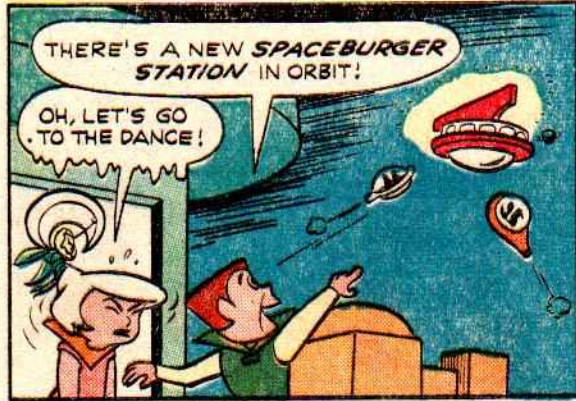
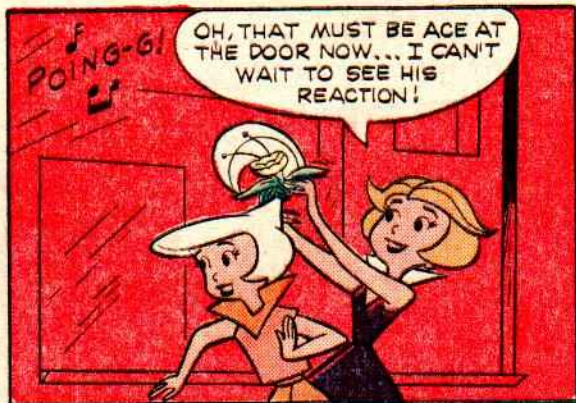
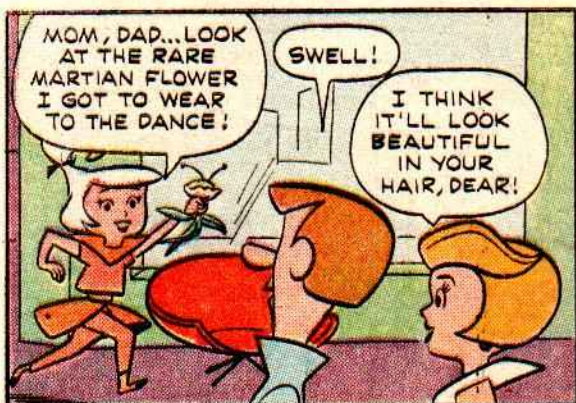
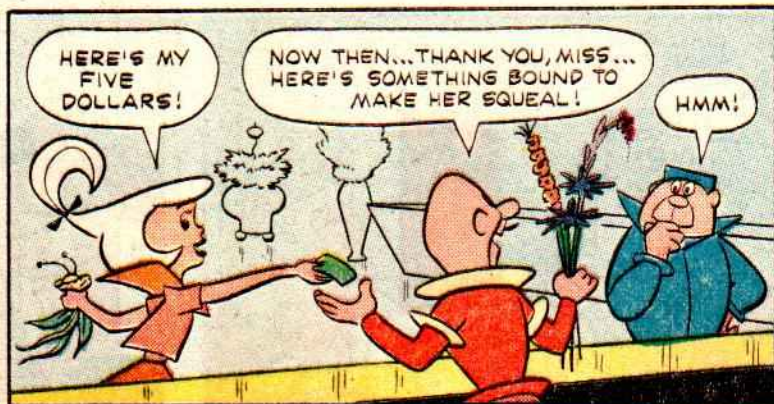
# MOTHER, PIN A ROSE ON ME



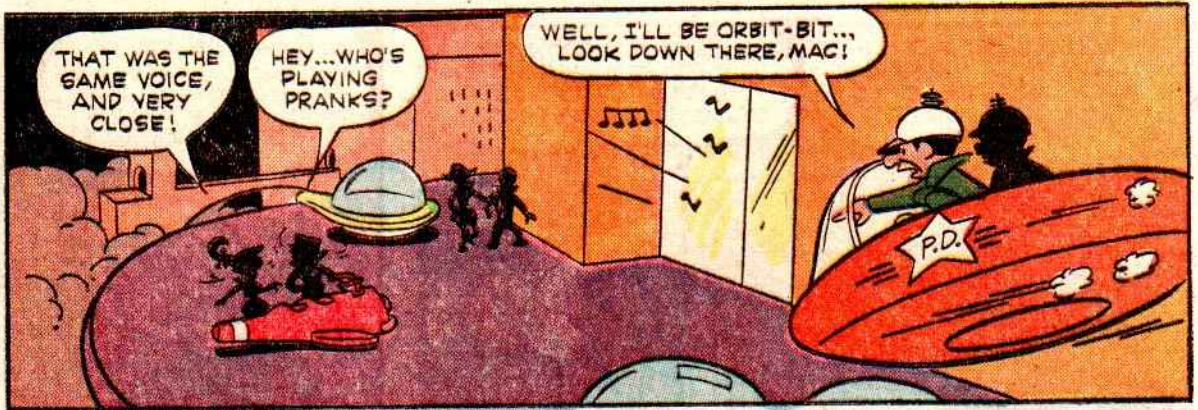
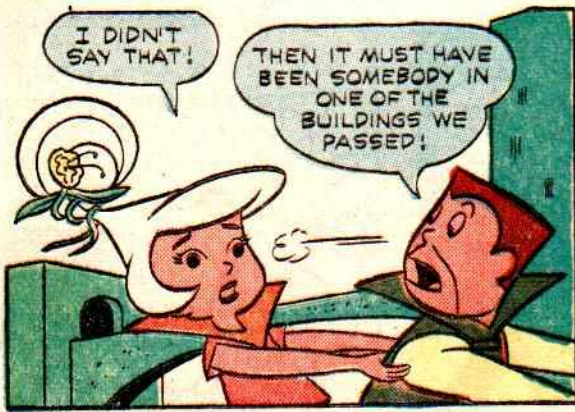


















Hanna-Barbera  
**The JETSONS**

